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MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset-lit.
Peaceful and wide its spaces lie.
And purple shores encompass it.
A little slender silver boat
Upon its bosom is afloat.

This craft unstayed by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar;
Through rosy ripples soft she glides,
Led by a single pilot star;
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowers,
And Love, and Hope, and Happiness.
Will aught of what she brings be ours?
Ah me! if we could only guess!
She rides elusive and remote,
This little slender silver boat.

—The Spectator.

AN ABORIGINE.

"Sally, you are a saint to help me out in this way. If I had not known your angelic disposition do you think I should have dared to send for you at the eleventh hour? Of course, it is that wretched Mrs. Parker who has given out."

"Of course I knew it when your note came. Who has been suddenly carried off this time? Not the grandmother, I hope, for that poor woman has died on at least six different occasions this winter to my certain knowledge. Oh, Kate, what a blessed thing it is to have relations living out West! Well, here I am clothed and in my right mind, but I never dressed in such a hurry before. It was good practice in case of fire. Do you see any errors or omissions about my gay and festive attire?"

"No, it is charming—perfect, as usual. I believe if you wore your gowns hind side before you would look better dressed than any woman in town, you witch! Now prepare for a treat. You are to be taken in to dinner by a very distinguished person, Algernon Godwin, son of his father, who is a real live lord. He brought a letter to me. He has only been here two days and this is his first taste of American society, so you will represent for him the typical American girl on her native soil."

"My dear, you are too good." Sally's blue eyes sparkled with fun. "Depend upon me. I will do justice to the role. Has the conquering hero come? In a hasty survey of the room, as I came in, I didn't notice anything startlingly new."

"Here he is this moment. See, his godlike form advances. Oh, Sally, he is an Apollo. Look out for yourself. Good evening, Mr. Godwin. I was very sorry to miss your call yesterday. I shall not begin our acquaintance by asking what your impressions are of America, but by presenting you to Miss Emmet, who has undertaken to pilot you through an American dinner. She will remind you of Mrs. Micawber, I dare say, for, though her form is fragile, her grasp of a subject is inferior to none."

"Does that refer to a British subject, Miss Emmet?" said the honorable Algernon, glancing down from the altitude of a grenadier guard upon the self-possessed young woman beside him, and conscious of an entirely new sensation. Instead of being crushed at a blow into blushing confusion, she was smiling back at him impersonally, apparently not a whit overcome by either his pedigree or his good looks.

"I cannot answer for that," returned she. "My experience with British subjects is very limited. I have only met one Englishman and he was a peddler. He used to come to our house when I was a child; and when I saw his red wagon crawling up the hill I always flew down to the kitchen as fast as I could go, just to hear him drop his h's. He seemed to me the embodiment of English literature. I hope you drop your h's Mr. Godwin."

"Can't say I do as a rule. You see, I'd no idea that sort of thing would be popular over here, or I'd have taken some lessons. It's considered most awfully bad form at home, don't you know?"

"O, is it really? We have always heard that the royal family never use an H when they could help it, but these stories will get about. Mrs. Wendell's butler puts on with an artless grace that has made her the envy of every woman in town. Did you notice him as you came in, by the way? Isn't he a dream? So English!"

Mr. Godwin laughed and offered his arm to his pretty partner, for the dream had at that moment announced in deliciously cockney accent that dinner was served.

"Do you know this is all so different from what I expected?" said he involuntarily. "Where is your local color? I might easily believe myself back in London except for a few trifling customs of your people."

"Local color? Ah, you mean the Indians, I suppose. Boston has become too civilized in the last few years to offer you much in that way. Did you expect that braves in war paint and feathers would come out in canoes to take you off the ship in the harbor?"

"Something like it, I confess. But I have not seen an Indian since I arrived. Where do the noble red men keep themselves?"

"O, when the electric cars were introduced they fled to the suburbs. Now, in Ponkapog, where I live—have you ever heard of Ponkapog?"

"Never. Is it near Tchickago?" His pronounciation of that celebrated city was so new and original that Miss Emmet glanced up from her little-neck clams admiringly, feeling obliged to own that a handsome guardsman in a Poole dress coat is a pleasing object to contemplate.

"I should like to see Ponkapog uncommonly. I dare say it is not at all like one of our English villages."

"Oh, not at all. At least, it is not like one of Anthony Trollope's. The wigwams would be sure to amuse you."

"Are there really wigwams?"

"Why, certainly! I live in one myself. Should you think I had Indian blood in my veins?"

Her voice was low, as she made her confession with a sigh. "Shall you despise me if I tell you I am a down east Yankee?"

The son of his father felt a sudden chill at being brought into contact with anything so aboriginal. Yet she was as fair and sweet to see as a hothouse flower, with a skin as white as his own.

"I don't remember that Cooper speaks of that tribe at all," he said presently after an embarassed pause. "But I had no idea that the Indian races had become so highly civilized. Would you think me very rude if I ask whether or no they are all like you?"

"Well! You see, I have had exceptional advantages. My father is a medicine man, who made a corner in pork, and he sent me away to be educated. So I learned the paleface ways, but at heart I am a Yankee still. Oh, I have seen many a stirring time in Ponkapog, I assure you."

The honorable Algeron was lost in wonder. Nothing but admiration was possible in connection with that charming creature, full of refinement and intelligence. Her voice alone was a patent of good birth, gentle and carefully modulated. He had to admit that the honorable Misses Godwin, his sisters, decended from Edward the Confessor and, kept unspotted the plebeian world, would have cut a pretty poor figure if set down beside the little squaw, who, according to her own account had no better antecedent than a copper-colored savage daubed with gaudy clay.

"But I have understood," he said presently, determined to get as much information as possible in this interesting case, which was certainly quite as characteristic of American queerness as anything he could hope for, "I have understood that the Indians were comparatively quiet now and that they are so few in comparison with the whites that they realize the folly of opposition."

"True. You never hear of great general uprisings now, such as there were in the time of King Philip of the Narragansetts—peace be to his memory! But the Indians fight among themselves, and the warhoop is still heard in the land. I have seen too dreadful work done with tomahawk and scalping knife even to mention them without a shudder," murmured Miss Sally, picking the truffles daintly out of her pate de foie gras.

"What, do you know any one who has been scalped?" Algy grew excited. Perhaps there was rarer sport in store than the buffalo hunting he had promised himself, especially after the depressing information of the cowboy he had met on the ship, to the effect that there was only one herd of buffaloes left in the West, and only one buffalo in that herd.

"Mercy, yes, indeed! Scores of people. Look at Mr. Wendell, across the table. Can't you see that he has on what they call a scratch? He is very sensitive about it, but when he knows you better he may tell you an interesting tale. (Poor Mr. Wendell had a very bald head and a very young and pretty wife, hence the scratch). "And I myself I was scalped when a child, so that I am forced to wear a wig."

Never was there such a successful wig before. Its bright chestnut curls and ripples would have deceived a hairdresser.

"By Jove," cried Mr. Godwin, "it's an uncommonly good imitation of the real thing."

"Yes," agreed Sally. "Paris, you know, the Rue de la Paix. I really don't mind at all, because I have them to match all my gowns, which gives me a great advantage over the other girls, and in summer, when the mercury boils over at the top of the thermometer, as it often does in this climate, I can take it off altogether and be delightfully cool and airy. I always say that I have as nearly as possible realized Sydney Smith's idea of taking off one's skin and sitting in one's bones. Besides, it is considered quite a mark of aristocracy here—like a strawberry mark on the right arm with you."

"It must have been very painful," mused Mr. Godwin, "the scalping, I mean. I should like to hear how it happened, if you don't mind."

"I hardly know. I was not more than 3 years old at the time, a little papoose by my mother's side. We were picking up fagots in a wood when a band of Wampanoags fell upon us from an ambush and walked off with our scalps at their belts, shouting the battle cry of freedom. I have only a confused recollection of the fray, but my mother often speaks of it as the most unpleasant surprise of her life. But there! let us change the subject. I do not care to talk about those harrowing experiences. You must come out to Punkapog and see for yourself what aboriginal existence is like. My father will lend you a mustang and we can ride over to Chicago some afternoon to give you an idea of the prairies. Now tell me something about England. You are very intimately connected with Queen Victoria, I hear. What size shoes does she wear?"

"Number 11s," said Algy, with another of his jolly laughs, which to hear was to adore. "We are descended from Edward the Confessor."

Miss Emmet gasped.

"In my history," said she, "Edward the Confessor was a sort of monk and never married."

"Can it be possible? There, you see, is an instance of the way in which stories get perverted across the Atlantic. In England it is a matter of history that he had four wives—a good deal of a mormon, in fact. By the way, I should like to see a mormon."

"Next but one to you at this very table sits one in the flesh, Mr. Phillips. He has only two of his flock here to-night."

Mr. Phillips moved uneasily in his chair at the prolonged and deliberate survey which the honorable Algernon proceeded to take. He was Boston's most unmitigated bachelor.

"Poor old chap! I'm sorry for him. Half a dosen sets of milliners' bills have apparently seamed his noble brow with care. I know what it is to have a crowd of women in the house."

"Have you six sisters? I believe every Englishman has."

"No."

"What a glorious exception to the general rule!"

"Glorious indeed, for I have nine."

"How dreadful! Are you appreciating this dish? It is our famous terrapin, imported from Baltimore for your benefit."

"Ah, yes! The terrapin is the bird of freedom. I remember that well. I like it. Its praises have not been too loudly sung."

At this point pretty little Mrs. Cartwright, who occupied the seat next to Mr. Godwin on the other side, could no longer restrain her impatience to get in a word with the handsome stranger. She plunged madly into the conversation, and, skillfully leading the way, returned to Piccadilly and Pall Mall, with which she showed herself to be perfectly familiar. Miss Emmet's neighbor gave her hand a sly squeeze under the table. He was Mrs. Wendell's brother and well known to be fast in the bewitching Sally's toils. You would not have called this misfortune if you had caught the momentary tenderness of the sidelong look she cast upon him.

"Have you been listenining, Dick?" she murmured demurely.

"Yes, but I will never betray you. I should like to read his first letter home."

Sally shook her curls. "He has gleams of intelligence," she said, with a long-drawn sigh.

"You won't forget to come to Ponkapog," said she. "Mrs. Wendell has promised to bring you, and I will see if we cannot get up a war dance for your benefit. Good night. Give my love to Queen Victoria when you write."

And off she went. Half an hour later Hon. Mr. Godwin and the young man called Dick went out into the bright avenue together.

"I say," broke out the former involuntarily, as they neared the public garden, "do you kow that Miss Emmet at all?"

"Oh, yes. Very well."

"Is she a down-east Yankee?"

"She is, indeed, if there ever were one, but an uncommonly nice girl for all that. Here I must leave you. Don't forget you are to lunch with me at the club to-morrow at 2. Good-night."

"Good-night." Algy reached his hotel in a brown study, which no amount of brandy and soda would dispel, and while the midnight bells were ringing he got into bed, still shaking his head dubiously. "Most extraordinary!" said he.—Boston Herald.

Ex-Empress Frederick's Widowhood.

The widowhood of ex-Empress Frederick of Germany is passed in semi-retirement and in the performance of acts of charity. She is one of the few royal ladies of Europe who may be said to take more then a passing interest in scientific things, and though by no means a blue-stocking, she devotes considerable time to literary studies. Since Frederick's death she has wielded but little influence in public affairs, although she possesses marked ability in that direction. Of course everybody remembers the diplomatic story crediting her with procuring the downfall of Bismarck, and his withdrawal from his commanding position in German politics, and that it was brought about to even up an old score she owed the grim Chancellor. Ex-Empress Frederick's years of widowhood are passing quietly and uneventfully. Her devotion to Frederick's memory and her love for her books are the predominant features of her life. She treasures jealously the desk at which her husband wrote his diaries. She is greatly liked by the poor at Berlin, to whom she is a veritable Lady Bountiful, with a big private list of pensioners. Her hair is slightly silvered, but she still has the same quite, soft voice and and fascinating smile that made her look like an angel to those who saw her by the bedside of her husband, at San Remo, four years ago. Three brief months of imperial honors have been followed by a life of sadness, unrelieved save by her studies and her love for her son's children.

Irish, You Know.

Mr. O'Rafferty—And what did yer brother think was the rale cause of his death? Mr. Duffy—Me brother never knew the rale cause of his death, as no inquest was held on him. —Texas Siftings

THE SEA GROWING MORE SALT.

Addition of Mineral and Vegetable Matter Not Balanced.

Modern research has shown that the ocean contains in solution nearly every element that exists upon the earth, and that these elements exist in the water in proportions nearly corresponding to the mean solubility of their various compounds. Thus gold and silver and most of the other heavy metals are found to exist there. Sonnenstadt found about founteen grains of gold to the ton of sea water, or a dollar's worth in less than two tons. As the ocean covers all the lower valleys of the earth, it receives all the drainage from the whole of the exposed land. This drainage is the rain water that has fallen upon this exposed surface; has flowed down its superficial slopes or has sunk into porous land and descended under ground. In either case, according to Science, the water must dissolve and carry with it any soluable matter that it meets, the quantity of solid matter which is thus appropriated being appropriate to its solubility and the extent of its exposure to the solvent. Rain, when it falls upon the earth, is distilled water nearly pure (its small impurities being what it obtains from the air), but river water, when it reaches the ocean, contains measurable quantities of dissolved mineral and vegetable matter. These small contributions are ever pouring in and ever accumulating. This continual addition of dissolved mineral salts, without any corresponding abstraction by evaporation, has been going on ever since the surface of the earth has consisted of land and water.

An examination of the composition of other bodies of water, which, like the ocean, receive rivers or rivulets and have no other outlet than that afforded by evaporation, confirms this view. All of these are more or less saline, many of them more so than the ocean itself. On the great table land of Asia, "the roof of the world," there is a multitude of small lakes which receive the waters of the rivers and rivulets of that region and have no outlets to the ocean. On the map they appear like bags with a string attached, the bag being the lake and the string the river. All these lakes are saline, many of them excessively so, simply because they are ever receiving river water of slight salinity and ever giving off vapor which has no salinity at all. There is no wash through these lakes as in the great American lakes or those of Constance, Geneva, etc. The Sea of Aral and the Caspian are lakes without any other outlet than evaporation, and they are saline accordingly. The Dead Sea, which receives the Jordan at one end and a multitude of minor rivers and rivulets at its other end and sides, is a noted example of extreme salinity. It is, as everybody knows, a sea or lake of brine. The total area of land draining into the great ocean does not exceed one-fourth of its own area, while the Dead Sea receives the drainage and soluble matter of an area about twenty times greater than its own, and thus it fulfills the demand of the above stated theory by having far greater salinity than has the great ocean. According to this view the salinity of the ocean must be steadily though very slowly increasing, and there must be slowly proceeding a corresponding adaptation of evolution among its inhabitants, both animal and vegetable.

Artificial Teeth.

Those who imagine that the care of the teeth and the replacement of the natural grinders with false ones is "something new under the sun" may be surprised to learn that artificial teeth were made of ivory, placed on plates of the same material, and held together and in place by gold wires and rivets 500 to 1,000 years before Christ. Herodotus, "the father of history," tells us that the Egyptians of the fifth dynasty understood the disease of the teeth and their treatment. There are several passages in history to lead one to the belief that both Cæsar and Antony wore artificial teeth. The date of the introduction of false teeth into Europe is uncertain. They were known in England as early at least as the time of the discovery of America. The Mathematical Jewel, published in 1585, contains an account of Sir John Balgrave, "who caused all of his teeth to be drawn out, and after had a set of ivory in agayne."—St. Louis Republic.

In the Cumberland Mountains.

The author of "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," writing of the dwellers among the Cumberland Mountains, says that those strange people have peculiar and interesting customs respecting the dead. When a husband dies his funeral sermon is not preached until after the death of the wife, nor that of a wife until the husband also is dead. Then a preacher is sent for, friends and neighbors are called in, and the respect is paid to both together.

More peculiar is the custom of having the services for one person repeated, so that the dead get their "funerals" preached several times, months and years after their burial. I heard the pitiful story of two sisters who had their mother's "funeral" preached once every summer as long as they lived.

In strange contrast with this regard for ceremonial observances is their neglect of the graves of their beloved, which they do not seem at all to visit when once closed, or to decorate with those symbols of affection which are the common indications of bereavment.

Traditions and folk-lore among these people are evanescent, and vary widely in different localities. It appears that the people are sprung in part from the early hunters who came into the mountains when game was abundant, sport unfailing and living cheap. Among them now are still-hunters, who know the haunts of bear and deer, needing no dogs. Even yet they prefer wild meat—even "possum" and "coon" and ground-hog—to any other.

In Bell County I spent the day in the house of a woman 80 years old, who was a lingering representative of a nearly extinct type. She had never been out of the neighborhood of her birth, knew the mountains like a garden, had whipped men in single-handed encounter, brought down many a deer and wild turkey with her own rifle, and now, infirm, had but to sit in her cabin door and send her trained dog into the depths of the forest to discover the wished for game. I had never looked on a fiercer woman.

Disease in Paper Money.

The bill introduced by Congressman Outhwaite, providing for the "frequent redemption of all United States paper currency and national bank notes" that have become soiled and unclean in the course of use, again directs attention to the urgency of employing the utmost precaution against the irruption of the cholera scourge next spring and summer. The new measure is the result of a careful investigation made by eminent bacteriologists. Few people, outside of those whose business it is to handle great quantities of money, realize the filthiness which paper currency often acquires.

Not only are bills stowed away in greasy wallets and hidden in noisome corners, but they are kept and handled by all classes and conditions of men. One of the professional men employed to conduct the investigation in question reports that a one dollar bill he examined contained three kinds of bacteria, and that the culture made of the notes submitted to him showed that there were bacteria colonies on each one of them capable of invading the human system. A London journal, speaking of kindred examinations in England, declares that on two bank notes examined there 19,000 germs were found.

In view of the extreme need of vigilance in guarding against the appearance of the dread Asiatic visitor during the coming months the passage of the bill for the frequent redemption of paper money would seem to be a measure of prudence.—New York Press.